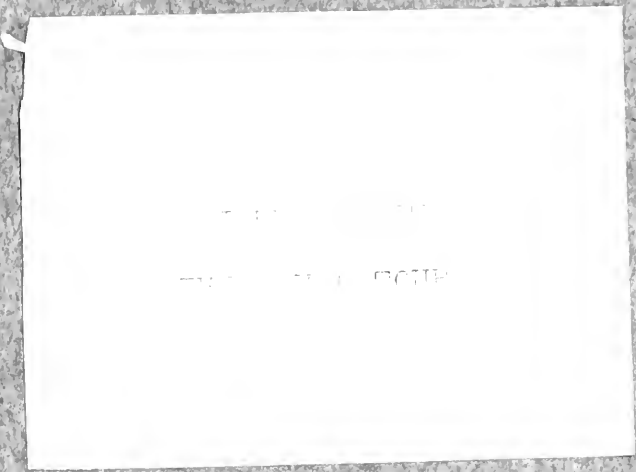


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THE  
ROYAL TOUR,  
AND  
WEYMOUTH AMUSEMENTS;

A SOLEMN AND REPRIMANDING  
EPISTLE TO THE LAUREAT.

---

PITT'S FLIGHT TO WIMBLEDON; AN ODE.  
AN ODE TO THE FRENCH.  
ODE TO THE CHARITY MILL IN WINDSOR-PARK.  
A HINT TO A POOR DEMOCRAT.  
ODE TO THE QUEEN'S ELEPHANT.  
THE SORROWS OF SUNDAY; AN ELEGY.

---

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.  
[Pseud]

---

— *Aude*  
CÆSARIS *invidiæ* res dicere. HORACE.

Shame on thee, PYE! to CÆSAR tune the string;  
Berhyme his *route*, and Weymouth wonders sing:  
Saddle thy PEGASUS at once—ride post:  
Lo, ere thou start'ft, a thousand things are *lost*!

---

A NEW EDITION.

---

L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR J. WALKER, PATERNOSTER-ROW; J. BELL, OXFORD-STREET;  
J. LADLEY, MOUNT-STREET, BERKELEY-SQUARE; AND  
E. JEFFREY, PALL-MALL.

M. DCC. XCV.

62301



To J. P Y E, Esq.

S I R,

I ALLOW you virtues, I allow you literary talents; but I will not subscribe to your *indolence*: one little solitary annual Ode is not sufficient for a GREAT KING. Whatever things are *done*, whatever things are *said*, nay, whatever things are *conceived* by MIGHTY POTENTATES, is treasure for the page of HISTORY. Blush, my friend, that a *volunteer* BARD should run off with the merit of recording the wonderful actions and sapient sayings of ROYALTY! As soon as the MILL of CHARITY was erected in WINDSOR PARK,

Lo! at the deed, the MUSE caught fire,  
And swell'd, with praise, the sacred Lyre,  
Sweet LASS! she could not for her soul sit still.

IMAGINATION, on the watch,  
Op'd, for the swelling flood, the hatch;  
And, lo! to work, alertly, went *her* mill.

As soon as the ROYAL JOURNEY to WEYMOUTH was announced, the same LOYAL MUSE

Turn'd her brain's pockets inside out,  
For poetry, to praise the rout.

No sooner was the noble ELEPHANT from ARCOT presented to our *beloved* QUEEN, and most economically and most *generously* returned on the NABOB's hands on account of his *appetite*, but the same MUSE

Began a tender melancholy air ;  
Sung how he trudg'd, poor beast, to PECKHAM Fair,  
And SAINT BARTHOLOMEW's, to help defray  
His sad expences on the wat'ry way.

No sooner was a boat *ordered* by the *omnipotent, all-feeling, all-honest, all-delicate, all-constitutional* LORDS of the . . . . . on board CAPTAIN ORACK's ship, (*even before she came to her moorings*) for *the other presents* (fortunately without stomachs!) from the *same knowing* NABOB to her most *excellent* M----Y,



not to Mr. PITT, and his GRACE of PORTLAND (for MINISTERS are cyphers *now-a-days*), but lo, the MUSE,

Attentive ever to great PRINCES,  
To *muslins* tun'd her harp, and *chintzes* ;  
And prophefy'd of ev'ry shawl,  
That SCHW-----G would *sell them all* ;

A circumstance that actually took place ; making, we presume, a *decent return*—the original cost, in India, exceeding TEN THOUSAND POUNDS !!!

In future, then, my friend PYE,

Let no man say I hate our KINGS and QUEENS,  
PRINCES and DRAWING-ROOMS, and LEVEE-SCENES ;

Despise the bows and curtsies, whisper'd talk ?

I love the *mumm'ry* from my very soul :

Daily I spread its fame from pole to pole—

What glorious quarry for the MUSE's hawk !

Ask if the Man whose heart the chase adores,

Wishes annihilation to wild boars,

Or

Or wolves so hungry.—“ No,” the SPORTSMAN cries—  
“ Long live wild boars and wolves! God blefs their eyes!”

May KINGS *exist*—and TRIFLE pig with Kings !  
The MUSE desireth not more precious things—  
Such sweet *mock-grandeur* !—so *sublimely garish* !  
Let's have no WASHINGTONS : did *such* appear,  
The MUSE and I had ev'ry thing to fear—  
Soon forc'd to ask a pittance of the parish.

*Such* want no praise—in native virtue strong :  
'Tis *folly, folly, feeds* the POET'S song.

---

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THE  
ROYAL TOUR;  
OR,  
WEYMOUTH AMUSEMENTS.

---

P R O Ë M I U M.

GREAT is of HAIR-POWDER the sale—  
DUNDAS and PITT have both turn'd pale ;  
Yet COURTIERS cry aloud its want of merit.  
COURTIERS have try'd with all their spite  
To sink it in OBLIVION's night—  
My Friend, the PUBLIC, keeps it up with spirit.

5

*Hair-powder the sale*]. My ingenious Poem so called ; not Mr. PITT's ingenious Tax on that subject, which, we are well informed, succeeds as miserably in produce, as reputation.

B

How

How often we have seen a bullying Cloud  
 Attack the Sun, and quarrel too aloud ;  
 Spit, thunder, lighten, frighten the two poles,  
     Blocking up ev'ry avenue for peeping ;      10  
     On this side now, and now on that side creeping ;  
 A sort of dirty malkin stopping holes !

Sometimes the worried glorious God of Day  
     *Insists* upon a view, and shows an eye ;  
 Just as a MANAGER, when some sad Play      15  
     Is taken ill, and very like to die,  
 Kens through the curtain on the Critic Nation,  
 All hissing, clatt'ring, howling out damnation.

Thus ENVY, the vile hag, attacks my rhymes,  
 Swearing they shall not peep on distant Times ;      20

But violent indeed will be the tuffel :  
I deem myself, indeed, a tuneful *whale* :  
She swears I'm not upon so large a scale ;  
Rather a wrinkle, limpet, paltry muffel,  
Clinging to heavy rocks, or wooden things, 25  
Meaning my loyalty, *perchance*, to Kings.

The PUBLIC seems to like my Brats,  
Begot, indeed, with little pain—  
Whether it turbot gives, or sprats,  
Behold *another* to maintain ! 30

Thus, then, I cast it on that Sea the Town :  
If *true*, it *swims* ; if *spurious*, let it *drown*.

## R O Y A L   T O U R.

SEE! CÆSAR's off! the dust around him hovers,

And, gathering, lo, the KING of GLORY covers!

The royal hubbub fills both eye and ear, 35

And wide-mouth'd WONDER marks the wild career.

How like his golden BROTHER of the sky,

When NATURE thunders, and the storm is high ;

Now in, now out of clouds, behind, before,

He rolls amid the elemental roar. 40

Heav'ns! with what ardour through the lanes he drives,

The country trembling for its tenants lives !

Squat on his speckled haunches gapes the toad,

And frogs affrighted hop along the road ;

The hares astonish'd to their terrors yield, 45  
 Cock their long ears, and scud from field to field ;  
 The owl, loud hooting, from his ivy rushes ;  
 And sparrows, chatt'ring, flutter from the bushes :  
 Old women, (call'd " a pack of blinking b---s,")  
 Dash'd by the THUND'RING LIGHTHORSE into *ditches*, 50  
 Scrambling and howling, with post--rs pointed,  
 Sad picture ! plump against the LORD'S ANOINTED.  
 Dogs bark, pigs grunt, the flying turkeys gobble ;  
 Fowls cackle ; screaming geese, with stretch'd wing, hobble ;  
 Dire death his horses hoofs to ducklings deal, 55  
 And goslings gasp beneath the burning wheel.  
 Thus the great ÆOL, when he rushes forth,  
 With all his winds, EAST, WEST, and SOUTH, and NORTH ;  
 Flutter the leaves of trees, with woeful fright,  
 Shook by his rage, and bullied by his might ; 60

Straws from the lanes dispers'd, and whirl'd in air,  
The blustering wonders of his mouth declare.  
Heav'd from their deep foundations, with dread sound,  
Barns and old houses thunder to the ground,  
And bowing oaks, in ages rooted strong, 65  
Roar through their branches as he sweeps along.  
He breakfasts on the road, gulps tea, bolts toast ;  
Jokes with the waiter, witty with the host ;  
Runs to the garden, with his morning dues ;  
Makes mouths at CLOACINA'S ; reads the news. 70  
Now mad for fruit, he scours the garden round ;  
Knocks every apple that he spies, to ground ;  
Loads ev'ry royal pocket, seeks his chaise ;  
Plumps in, and fills the village with amaze.  
  
He's off again—he smokes along the road ! 75  
Pursue him, PVE—pursue him with an *ode* :  
And



And yet a *pastoral* might better please ;  
 That talks of sheep, and hay, and beans and peas ;  
 Of trees cut down, that RICHMOND'S lawn adorn,  
 To gain the pittance of a peck of corn. 80

He reaches WEYMOUTH—treads the Esplanade—  
 Hark, hark, the jingling bells ! the cannonade !  
 Drums beat, the hurdigurdies grind the air ;  
 Dogs, cats, old women, all upon the stare :  
*All* WEYMOUTH gapes with wonder—hark ! huzzas ! 85

The roaring welcome of a thousand jaws !  
 O PYE, shalt *T'hou*, APOLLO'S fav'rite son,  
 In loyalty by PETER be outdone ?  
 How oft I bear thy master on my back,  
 Without one thimblefull of cheering sack ; 90

Verse 79. *Of trees cut down.*] Great has been the massacre among the *sturdy oaks*, to make room for the courtier-like pliability of the *corn stalk*, that brings more *grist* to the ROYAL MILL.

While

While *thou*, (not drunk, I hope) O BARD divine,  
 Oft wett'st thy whistle with the MUSE's wine.  
 O haste where prostrate COURTIERS Monarchs greet,  
 Like cats that seek the *sunshine* of the street ;  
 Where CHESTERFIELD the lively spaniel springs,                    95  
 Runs, leaps, and makes rare merriment for Kings ;  
 Where sharp MACMANUS, and sly JEALOUS, tread,  
 To guard from TREACH'RY's blow the Royal Head ;  
 Where NUNN and BARBER, silent as the mouse,  
 Steal, nightly, *certain* goods to Glo'ster House.                    100

Verse 98. *To guard from TREACH'RY's blow the Royal Head.*] Be it recollected with horror that a stone was flung at our beloved Sovereign in St. James's Park, endangering his life ; yet an impudent Rhymer thought *otherwise* ; who, on the occasion, had the audacity to write the following Epigram :

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the *bead*,  
 From a flint so unwittingly thrown :  
 I think very diff'rent—with thousands indeed,  
 'Twas a lucky escape for the *stone*.

Verse 99. *Where Nunn and Barber*]. Two tradesmen who repair constantly from London to Weymouth, when Royalty deigns to visit the spot.

O fay, fhall CÆSAR in rare prefents thrive ;  
 Buy cheaper, too, than any man alive ;  
 Go cheaper in excurfions on the water,  
 And LAUREAT PYE know nothing of the matter ?  
 Acts that fhould bid his POET's bofom flame,                    105  
 And make his fpendthrift fubjects blufh with fhame.  
 What though TOM WARTON laugh'd at Kings and Queens,  
 And, grinning, ey'd them juft as *State Machines* ;  
 Much better pleas'd (fo fick of royal life)  
 To celebrate 'SQUIRE PUNCH and PUNCH's wife ?                    110  
 I grant thee deep in Attic, Latian lore ;  
 Yet learn the province of the MUSE of yore :  
 The BARDS of ancient times (fo HIST'RY fings)  
 Eat, drank, and danc'd, and flept with mighty KINGS,  
 Who courted, reverenc'd, lov'd the tuneful throng,                    115  
 And deem'd their deeds ennobled by a fong.

Lo, PITT arrives ! alas, with lantern face !

“ What, hæ, PITT, hæ—what, PITT, hæ, more disgrace ? ”

“ Ah, SIRE, bad news ! a second dire defeat !

“ VENDEÉ undone, and all the CHOUANS beat ! ” 120

“ Hæ, hæ—what, what ?—beat, beat ?—what, beat agen ?

“ Well, well, more money—raife more men, more men.

“ But mind, PITT, hæ—mind, huddle up the news ;

“ *Coin* fomething, and the growling land amufe :

“ Make all the *Sans-culottes* to Paris caper, 125

“ And ROSE shall print the vict’ry in his Paper.

“ Let’s hear no more, no more of Cornish tales—

“ I sha’n’t refund a guinea, PITT, to WALES :

“ I can’t afford it, no—I can’t afford :

“ WALES cost a deal in pocket-cash-and board. 130

“ PITT, PITT, there’s FROST, my bailiff FROST—fee, fee !

“ Well, PITT, go back, go back again—b’ye, b’ye :

“ Keep LONDON still—no matter how they carp—

“ Well, well, go back, and bid DUNDAS look sharp.

“ Must not lose FRANCE—no, FRANCE must wear a crown :

“ If FRANCE won't swallow, *ram a monarch down.* 136

“ Some *crowns* are scarce worth *sixpences*—hæ, PITT ?—”

The PREMIER smil'd, and left the ROYAL WIT.

Now FROST approaches—“ Well, FROST, well, FROST, pray,

“ How, how went sheep a score ?—how corn and hay ?”

“ An't please your Majesty, a charming price : 141

“ Corn very soon will be as dear as spice.”

“ Thank God ! but say, say, do the poor complain ?

“ Hæ, hæ, will wheat be sixpence, FROST, *a grain* ?”

“ I hope *not*, Sire ; for great were then my fears, 145

“ That WINDSOR would be pull'd about our ears.”

“ FROST,

“ FROST, FROST, no politics—no, no, FROST, no :

“ You, you talk politics ! oho, oho !

“ WINDSOR come down about our ears ! what, what ?

“ D’ye think, hæ, hæ, that I’m afraid of that ? 150

“ What, what are foldiers good for, but obey ?

“ MACMANUS, TOWNSEND, JEALOUS, hæ, hæ, hæ ?

“ Pull WINDSOR down ? hæ, what ?—a pretty job !

“ WINDSOR be pull’d to pieces by the mob !

“ Talk, talk of farming—that’s your *fort*, d’ye fee ; 155

“ And mind, mind, *politics* belong to *me*.

“ Go back, go back, and watch the Windfor chaps ;

“ Count all the poultry ; fet, fet well the traps.”

“ See, fee ! fee ! STACIE—here, here, STACIE, here—

“ Going to market, STACIE ?—dear, dear, dear ! 160

Verse 159. See STACIE.] The honest Master of the ROYAL HOTEL.

“ I get

“ I get all my provifion by the mail—

“ Hæ, money plenty, STACIE ? don't fear jail.

“ Rooms, rooms all full ? hæ, hæ ? no beds to fpare ?

“ What, what ! give trav'lers, hæ, good fare, good fare ?

“ Good fign, good fign, to have no empty beds ! 165

“ Shows, fhows that people like to fee CROWN'D HEADS.”

The Mail arrives ! hark ! hark ! the cheerful horn,

To MAJESTY announcing oil and corn ;

Turnips and cabbages, and foap and candles ;

And lo, each article GREAT CÆSAR handles ! 170

Bread, cheefe, falt, catchup, vinegar, and muftard,

Small beer, and bacon, apple-pye, and cuftard :

All, all, from WINDSOR greets his frugal GRACE,

For WEYMOUTH is a d-mn'd expenfive place.

SAL'SB'RY appears, the Lord of stars and strings ; 175

Presents his poem to the *best* of Kings.

GREAT CÆSAR reads it—feels a laughing fit,

And wonders SAL'SB'RY should become a wit.

A batch of bullocks ! see GREAT CÆSAR run :

He stops the Drover—bargain is begun. 180

He feels their ribs and rumps—he shakes his head—

“ Poor, Drover, poor—poor, very poor indeed.”

CÆSAR and DROVER haggle—diff'rence split—

How much?—a shilling ! what a royal hit !

A load of hay in sight ! GREAT CÆSAR flies— 185

Smells—shakes his head—“ Bad hay—sour hay”—he buys.

Verse 176. *Presents his poem.*] This high Lord is really a *high* Poet. His Journey to Weymouth, which I was horribly afraid would have forestalled mine with the Public, will make its appearance soon, and, I am informed, it is to be enriched with *royal annotation*.

“ Smell,



“ Smell, COURTOWN—smell—good bargain—lucky load—

“ Smell, COURTOWN—sweeter hay was never mow'd.”

A herd of swine goes by!—“ Whose hogs are these?

“ Hæ, Farmer, hæ?”—“ Yours, Measter, if yow please.”

“ Poor, Farmer, poor—lean, lousy, very poor— 191

“ Sell, fell, hæ, fell?”—“ Ifs, Measter, to be zure :

“ My pigs were made for zale, but what o'that?

“ Yow caall mun *lean*; now, Zur, I caall mun *vat*—

“ Measter, I baant a starling—can't be cort; 195

“ Yow think, agoth, to ha the pigs vor *nort*.”

LO! CÆSAR buys the pigs—he flily winks—

“ Hæ, GWINN, the fellow is not *caught*, he thinks—

“ Fool, not to know the bargain I have got!

“ Hæ, GWINN—nice bargain—lucky, lucky lot!” 200

Enter the dancing dogs ! they take their stations ;  
 They bow, they curtsy to the LORD OF NATIONS.  
 They dance, they skip, they charm the K--- of Fun,  
 While Courtiers see themselves almost *outdone*.

Lord PAULET enters on his hands and knees, 205  
 Joining the hunts of hares with hunts of fleas.  
 Enter Sir JOSEPH ! gladd'ning royal eyes !  
 What holds his hand ? a box of butterflies,  
 Grubs, nefts, and eggs of humming-birds, to please ;  
 Noots, tadpoles, brains of beetles, stings of bees. 210  
 The noble Prefident without a bib on,  
 To sport the glories of his blushing ribbon !

Verse 206. *Joining the hunts of hares with hunts of fleas.*] The Earl has won the *Royal smile*, and is made a Lord of the Bed-chamber ; but as capricious inconstancy is a prominent feature in the Brunswick family, a *royal frown* may be at no great distance.

The Fishermen ! the Fishermen behold !

A shoal of fish ! the men their nets unfold ;

Surround the scaly fry—they drag to land : 215

CÆSAR and Co. rush down upon the sand ;

The fishes leap about—Gods ! what a clatter !

CÆSAR, delighted, jumps into the water—

He marvels at the fish with fins and scales—

He plunges at them—seizes heads and tails ; 220

Enjoys the draught—he capers—laughs aloud,

And shows his captives to the gaping crowd.

He orders them to Glo’ster Lodge—they go :

But are the Fishermen rewarded ?—NO !!!

CÆSAR spies Lady CATHCART with a book ; 225

He flies to know what ’tis---he longs to look.

“ What’s in your hand, my Lady ? let me know.”

“ A book, an’t please your M——y.” “ Oho ! ”

“ Book’s a good thing—good thing—I like a book.

“ Very good thing, my Lady—let me look— 230

“ War of America ! my Lady, hæ ?

“ Bad thing, my Lady !—fling, fling *that* away.”

A SAILOR pops upon the ROYAL PAIR,

On crutches borne—an object of Despair :

His squalid beard, pale cheek, and haggard eye, 235

Though *silent*, pour for help a piercing cry.

“ Who, who are *you* ? what, what ? hæ, what are you ?”

“ A *man*, my Liege, whom KINDNESS never knew.

“ A failor ! failor, hæ ? you’ve loft a leg.”

“ I know it, Sir—which forces me to beg. 240

“ I’ve nine poor children, Sir, besides a wife—

“ God blefs them ! the sole comforts of my life.”

- “ Wife and nine children, hæ?—all, all alive?”
- “ No, no, no wonder that you cannot thrive.
- “ Shame, shame, to fill your hut with such a train! 245
- “ Shame to get brats for *others* to maintain!
- “ Get, get a wooden leg, or one of cork:
- “ Wood’s *cheapest*—yes, get wood, and go to work.
- “ But mind, mind, Sailor—hæ, hæ, hæ—hear, hear—
- “ Don’t go to Windfor, mind, and cut one there: 250
- “ That’s dangerous, dangerous—there I place my traps—
- “ Fine things, fine things, for legs of thieving chaps:
- “ Best traps, *my* traps—take care—they bite, they bite,
- “ And sometimes catch a dozen legs a night.”
- “ Oh! had I money, Sir, to *buy* a leg!” 255
- “ No money, hæ? nor I—go beg—go beg.”—

How

Verse 246. *For others to maintain.*] Is not this farcafm as applicable to  
*throne* as *hovels*?

How sweetly kind to bid the cripple *mump*,

And cut from *other people's* trees a stump !

How vastly like our kind ARCHBISHOP M-RE,

Who loves not beggar tribes at Lambeth door ; 260

Of meaner Parsons bids them ask relief—

There, carry their coarse jugs for broth and beef !

“ Mine Gote ! your Mashefty !—don't hear fush stuff :

“ De Workhouse always geefs de poor enough.

“ Why make bout dirty leg fush wond'rous fufs ?— 265

“ And den, what impudence for beg of Us !

“ In Strelitz, O mine Gote ! de beggars skip :

“ Dere, for a sharity, we geefs a *whip*.

“ Money

Verse 259. *Archbishop M---e.*] Our tender Metropolitan, as well as the delicate sensibility of MRS. M---E, are really tired with the number of poor creatures who, three times a week, have, from time immemorial, claimed the charitable donation of broth and meat from Lambeth Palace. It is pretty well known that a strong application has been made for the removal of this *nuisance*, but hitherto without success.

“ Money make subjects impudent, I’m fure—

“ Respect be always where de peepel’s *poor*.” 270

“ How, Sailor, did you lose your leg?—hæ, hæ?”

“ I lost it, please your Majesty, at sea,

“ Hard fighting for my country and my King.”

“ Hæ, what?—that’s common, very common thing.

“ Hæ! lucky fellow, that you were not *drill’d*: 275

“ Some lose their heads, and many men are kill’d.

“ Your parish? where’s your parish? hæ—where, where?”

“ I serv’d my ’prenticeship in Manchester.”

“ Fine town, fine town—full, full of trade and riches—

“ Hæ, Sailor, hæ, can you make leather breeches? 280

“ These come from Manchester—there, there I got ’em!”

On which GREAT CÆSAR claps his buckskin bottom.

“ Must not encourage vagrants—no, no, no—

“ Must not make laws, my lad, and break ’em too.

“ Where, where’s your parish, hæ? and where’s your pafs? ”

“ Well, make hafte home—I’ve got, I’ve got no brafs.”

Now to the ESPLANADE a feat is borne,

To ease the Q----’s fweet bottom and her corn ;

For corns are apt e’en *Majesty* to bite,

As well as on *poor* toes to vent their spite.

290

Around the gracious Q---- of England, lo,

DAMES of the BEDCHAMBER, a goodly row !

Mob passing by, of MAJESTY so fond,

Dipping, like ducks, their noddles in a pond.

How would this fight of STRELITZ charm the foul? 295

A *lofty* land, although a *spider* hole !



Avaunt, all FRAIL-ONES, from the Q—'s chaste view †

POLLUTION taints the air with such a crew †

Dare ye approach? full soon ye meet resistance;

IMHOFF's *pure* wife shall shove you at a distance: 300

The EAST's proud EMPRESS, who, with di'mond wand,

Can visit the first LADY of the LAND;

Nay, *more*, the chronicles of truth aver,

Can make the LAND'S FIRST LADY visit *her*!

She comes! the MAJESTY of this fair Isle 305

Greets MISTRESS IMHOFF with an ell-wide smile;

Bids her partake the radiance of a Crown,

And, on the *seat of Innocence*, sit down.

Lo! down she fits! the mob, all envying, views,

As MISTRESS IMHOFF whispers Indian news. 310

The

The STADTHOLDER ! he joins Queen Charlotte—*bump*

Falls on the feat of Royalty, his rump !

Peace to his spirit ! he begins to doze !

He snores ! heav'ns blefs the trumpet of his nose !

So great is folly, that the world *mayhap* 315

Shall, grinning, point at HOOGEN MOOGEN's nap.

PRINCES of Europe, pray exclaim not “ shame !”

Go, for Mankind's repose, and do the same.

My LADY H——E appears ! how large !

Deep-laden, like a camel, or a barge. 320

What's all beneath her petticoats ?—Shawls, chintz—

Why should the Muse, indeed, the matter mince ?

Muslins the richest, of the fertile East.

Lo, back she moves again, to be undrest !

At Glo'ster-Lodge, upon the bed she squats, 325

To drop the lumber, shawls, and broider'd brats ;

Where

Where England's happy ——— her steps pursues,

Attends the labour, and turns *accoucheuse*.

Hark! CÆSAR and the little children talk ;

Together laugh, together too they walk :

330

The mob around admire their pleafant things,

And *marle* that *children* talk as *well* as *Kings*.

And now to DELAMOT's the M——H speeds :

He catches up a fcore of books, and reads—

Learns nothing—fudden quits the book-abode—

335

Orders his horfe, and fcours the Dorfet road.

He's in again ! he boards the barge—fets fail—

Jokes with the failors, and enjoys the gale :

Descants on winds and waves—the land regains,

And gives the Tars juft *nothing* for their *pains* !

340

For, what a *bore* that Kings their *flaves* fhould *pay* !

Sufficient is the *honour* of the day !

Now springs the SOV'REIGN wildly to the seas—

Rushes intrepid in—*along to knees!*—

Old NEPTUNE, jealous of his world, looks big—

345

And bluff'ring BOREAS blows away his wig.

O PYE! amidst such doings canst thou *sleep?*

Such wonders *whelping* on the land and deep!

So nobly form'd to deck th' historic page,

Astonish man, and swell the MUSE's rage!

350

Thus, thus I sing of Royalty, *unpaid*;

In Courts observe, and follow to the shade;

And mean, God willing, since *thou* wilt not write,

To give each word and action to the light;

With daily deeds my voice sublimely raise,

355

And sound wise speeches into distant days.

In spite of low DEMOCRACY, the Brute,  
 KINGS shall at length regain their *lost repute*.  
 The poor funk FALCON, robb'd of ev'ry plume,  
 That snaps the ground, and mourns his humble doom, 360  
 With pow'rful pinion soon from earth shall rise,  
 Mix with the solar blaze, and sweep the skies.

Such shall be done, if pow'r the BARD can boast,  
 Who deems the breed *too precious* to be lost.  
 And since AUGUSTUS deign'd with Bards to dine, 365  
 And, blest with Bards, MECÆNAS drank his wine ;  
 O let us hope that mighty *modern* Kings  
 May cease to class the *Bards* with *vulgar things*,  
 And of the TUNEFUL TRIBE think *somewhat* higher,  
 Than *Newgate's Bellman*, or a *Country Cryer* ! 370  
 Should

Verse 370. *Than Newgate's Bellman, or a Country Cryer.*] Never were the  
*Aoidoi*, alias POETS, in more disesteem than at the Court of the BRUNSWICKS.  
 Hømer, singing of such as were the greatest favourites of ancient Monarchs,  
 5 mentions

Should this rare æra rise, and BRUNSWICK'S GRACE

Revive the drooping glory of his race ;

How happy at SAINT JAMES's, my friend PYE,

At BUCKINGHAM and WINDSOR, *Thou* and *I*,

To see fair GENIUS re-assume her reign ;

375

DULLNESS and AVARICE expell'd the scene ;

The fat'ning BARDS their laurell'd fronts display,

And proudly triumph over *Hogs* and *Hay* !

Once more then let me beg thee, lazy PYE,

To follow MONARCHS wherefoe'er they fly :

380

When from the lofty pinnacle of thrones,

They sink, to tread, with vulgar folks, the stones ;

mentions *Ἰατρυκὸν Κληρον*, *Τεχνολογὰ Δαρυων*, and *Μαντιν*, *i. e.* a DOCTOR, a HOUSE-CARPENTER, and a CONJUROR. These our beloved S——N, following this classical example of antiquity, has *noticed* and *recommended*: DOCTOR WILLIS, to Parliament ; SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, to the Comptrollership of the Board of Works ; and SIGNOR PINETTI, to the Patronage of all the *wife* of the Metropolis.

To

To *Weymouth* waves, and sands, and shops repair ;

Dash country JOANS with dread, and BUMPKINS scare :

For ever trifling, and for ever blest, 385

In laugh, and hop, and skip, and jump, and jest—

How like the rustic boy, the simple THING,

Who only wish'd to be a mighty King ;

(So meanly modest was his pray'r to Fate)

To eat fat *pork*, and ride upon a gate ! 390

---

M R. P I T T ' s

FLIGHT TO WIMBLEDON.

---

JUST as I prophesy'd!—the storm begins!

And thou art off—for WIMBLEDON, I ween,  
To hide thee there for all thy *courtly* fins,  
So complaisant indeed to KING and QUEEN!

Loud was thy window's crash—a show'r of stones 395

Pour'd in thick vollies from the anger'd MOB.  
How the rude pebbles fought thy vanish'd bones!

And cry'd aloud, "Where is the fellow's *knob*?"  
But disappointed, on the carpet spread,  
They griev'd they could not rattle round thy head. 400



DUNDAS's hay-loft soon, I guess,  
In secrecy wilt thou possess ;  
Or else another secret nameless place—

A *sweet* asylum from the rage

Of such as desp'rate battle wage

405

With men who plunge the Nation in disgrace.

This was a terrible affair !

Undoubtedly it made thee stare !

Indeed I think that thou wert right,

To ask the friendship of a flight.

410

Alas ! when DANGER his stern form reveals,

There's really wisdom in a pair of heels !

Since not a soul dares ope his jaws

To plead, O PITT, thy awkward cause,

I'll

I'll be thy COUNSEL, Man, to bring thee off: 415

Not save thy reputation—no—

That's an herculean work, I trow;

Thy name must bear, indeed, th' eternal scoff.

Come from thy hay-loft then, or thy retreat,

Where CLOACINA keeps her silent feat, 420

And let me lead thee to the PEOPLE'S eye.

Kneel down before them—own thy heavy guilt,

For meanness and King-flatt'ry—treasure spilt,

And other fins too glaring to deny.

This then be thy confession, PITT:— 425

“ Alas! by mad Ambition bit,

“ And grinding hunger, too, I needs must say;

“ Where fickle FORTUNE loves to sport,

“ I fought

“ I fought the region of the COURT ;

“ But Conscience damns, alas ! the idle day. 430

“ I bawl'd Reform with RICHMOND'S Lord,

“ But never meant to keep my word.

“ Our bawlings frighten'd the GREAT MAN and WOMAN ;

“ With patriot threats we forc'd our way ;

“ And, while 'twas sunshine, made our hay, 435

“ A trick with Statesmen by no means uncommon.

“ Ye gave me credit for my cries,

“ And, gull'd, with pleasure saw me rise ;

“ Though soon, too soon, ye mock'd the royal choice ;

“ Too soon I read in ev'ry face 440

“ The hift'ry of a sad disgrace,

“ Heard execration load the gen'ral voice.

“ The breeze of popularity soon dy’d—

“ Soon ebb’d of Fame, alas ! th’ inconstant tide :

“ Yet held I places, in the people’s spite ; 445

“ Agreed, amongst my other sins,

“ For curst Hanoverian skins ;

“ Agreed for Gallic Despotism to fight :

“ Agreed to pay th’ Apothecary’s bill,

“ And load, with your good gift, the Royal mill. 450

“ Whisper’d the Nation’s purse was all their own ;

“ That subjects were rank rascals to complain ;

“ Who, silent, ought to bear their galling chain ;

“ And swore rebellion lurk’d in ev’ry groan.

“ I own the Royal barns are full of corn ; 455

“ The finest, fattest beeves the land adorn ;

“ The fairest sheep in Windsor fields are seen :

“ Increase on ev'ry acre smiles,

“ The richest 'mid the Queen of Isles :—

“ All these belonging to our K. and Q. 460

“ But what can I?—I dare not speak—

“ I dare not say the People squeak,

“ And fullen look, and threat, and swear, and cry ;

“ 'Tis a vile shame the realm should starve :

“ Why should not they have fowls to carve ? 465

“ Although he is, forsooth, so wond'rous high,

“ We put him there—we gave him all his money—

“ 'Tis hard the bees should want a little honey.

“ R——D shall out, the man of leathern guns,

“ Whom BRAV'RY scorns, and beauteous SCIENCE *shuns* ;

“ Whom

“ Whom seeming idiotism and madness rules ;  
 “ The veriest laughing-stock of veriest fools.  
 “ H——y no more shall drain the hęctic State,  
 “ And suck, the leach, the Empire to her fate.

“ Lo, from the feat of JUSTICE will I sweep 475

“ The FUR-CLAD ROGUE, renown'd for stealing sheep.

“ I blush to think I help'd the wars of Kings,

“ And, meanly crouching, made a royal pother.

“ I now think Princes very *fo-fo* things ;

“ The one half cheats, and arrant fools the other. 480

“ E'en to the tune she chooses, let her dance :

“ I'll cram no despots down the throat of FRANCE.

“ I own

Verse 476. *Renown'd for stealing sheep.*] Whether this *notorious* and lofty Limb of the LAW will be hanged or not, even the prophetic powers of the *Muse* cannot foretell ; but that a score of stolen sheep, which the owners swore to, were in this fellow's pens, exhibited for sale lately at a country fair, is a fact that admits of no contradiction. Many bets are pending ; and the odds, as well as the *hopes* of the country, are on the *rope*.

“ I own myself, alas ! an arrant fool,

“ Not to suspect, and look *that Prussian* through :

“ Yet to HYPOCRISY I went to school ; 485

“ But, hang the fellow, ‘ he was Yorkshire too.’”

When *out* of place, then “ right is *State reform*—

“ Oh ! venal Parliaments are curst things :”

But, when *in* place—“ Don’t, don’t provoke the storm ;

“ Why alter, why displease the *best* of Kings ?” 490

Such is the creed of all the Courtier train ;

Rocks of our hopes—the Imps that we maintain.

“ As sharks and whales pick daily a good dish

“ From all the dainty under-world of fish,

“ So Tyrants, at a most ungodly rate, 495

“ For human dishes daily, hourly, prowl ;

“ And, as the weazel fucks the eggs of fowl,

“ *They*, greedy, fuck that larger egg the STATE.

“ But no such master will I serve,

“ Nor mistress, christen'd K— and Q— ; 500

“ Who, whilst their plunder'd subjects starve,

“ Are, 'midst their hoarded millions, seen.

“ The PEOPLE'S *Servant*, till by Fate o'erpower'd ;

“ By G— that PEOPLE shall not be devour'd !”

*Thus* if thou swearest—hear me—By our skins, 505

Which yet our bastinado'd backs retain ;

Gen'rous, we'll wipe out thy *old score* of sins,

And yield thee suff'rance to *begin again*.

Thus



Thus if thou swearest, and wilt sin no more,

A pardon shall be thine—our anger o'er.

510

Heed not the wrath of Kings—the Nation *made* 'em—

The PEOPLE put on board their backs their honours ;

And should Kings forfeit their esteem, the DONORS

Can (if I err not) in a trice *unlade* 'em.

Such, PITT, is my advice—but thou art proud,

515

Although so lately one of us poor crowd,

Crawling, by mean degrees, to thine high station :

Thou canst not well remember thy old rags,

Or thou hadst been more sparing of thy brags ;

Insulting thus a much too generous Nation.

520

Lo, thus the LAD in base Saint Giles's born,

Blest with a barrow, first begins to bawl ;

Where PLENTY, ah ! exalteth not her horn—

Potatoes the poor barrow's *little all*.

At length, succeeding by a *lucky cry*, 525

And FORTUNE's fav'ring smile, the Lad can buy

A basket!—nay, *two* baskets for his barrow ;

To which he hangs the baskets with much pride,

With endive, cellery, and greens beside—

Yes, with *much* pride, that warms his inmost marrow—

With all the gaping energy of song,

Proudly he rolls his WHOLE ESTATE along !

AMBITION still inspires his panting heart ;

And now sublime he rises to a *cart*,

But not without a JACKASS, let me say : 535

A JACK is harness'd—on the cart he mounts—

Looks round—elate, his cabbages he counts,

And triumphs in his PARTNER's Brudenell-bray.

He stops not here—AMBITION goads his soul  
 To bid his orb in loftier regions roll.

540

In COVENT-GARDEN, lo, a SHOP he gains ;  
 Pines, next'rines, plumbs, and apricots, and peaches,  
 Behold ! his laudable ambition reaches ;  
 And now the *Jack-afs* and the *cart* difdains.

An Afs's *ditty* wounds his *nicer* ear,

545

Bringing to mind his late and humble sphere :

Archbifhop-like, he *tow'rs* within his ftall—  
 Looks on the barrow, cart, and basket crew,  
 With all the confequence of man, afkew,  
 And, for a pack of beggars, damns them *all*.

550

---

O D E  
T O  
T H E F R E N C H.

---

O<sub>H</sub>! with what freedom have ye treated KINGS!

Say, did not ye equip their backs with wings,

Yet cruelly cut off their heads for *flying*?

Alas! so lately did ye KINGS adore!

Now 'tis a wolf, a lion, a wild boar—

5

A hypocrite, a thing of theft and lying.

What folly to create the hungry Kite,

Yet quarrel with his appetite and claws;

Or grumble at the Tiger's ravenous bite,

Yet give the savage such a pair of jaws!

10

For

For ever are ye plung'd in mad extremes !

Let COMMON SENSE, then, rouse you from your dreams.

GRANDEUR, I own, seems much increas'd in size ;

Much gaudier too her drefs to mortal eyes.

The lofty Lords and Ladies of our Isle,

15

Enough to make a grave old TOM CAT smile,

Must ev'ry thing, forsooth, in *style* enjoy ;

And if to Margate Doctors bid them go,

By *sea*, to purify from head to toe,

Turn up their dainty noses at a *Hoy*.

20

“ Foh ! in a *Hoy*, the filthy thing, embark !

“ Loaded with beasts of all kind—Noah's Ark !” —

So nice ! that, had they by *good* chance been born

When CAPTAIN NOAH put his wife on board,

With all his other *live stock*, they had fworn 25

To go together boldly to the LORD ;

That is to fay, be drown'd !—bid life adieu,

Sooner than fail with fuch a flinking crew.

Yet let me add—not all the GREAT are *nice* ;

Not all by PRIDE are tainted, the vile vice— 30

No ! witness our good K— and our good Q—,

Lord love 'em !—our moft humble Q— and K—

Can, gracious, stoop to any little thing,

However humble, *not* however mean.

Heav'ns blefs their pretty, goodly, greasy Graces ! 35

I've feen them bolt fat bacon at the races ;

On Ascot courfe, devour fuch loads of ham,

And wash it down, fo dainty, with a *dram* !

How

How simple ! like to many an ancient King,

That roasted royal dinners by a string,

40

And turn'd the royal rapier to a spit :

Though full of magnanimity, could stoop

To boil, in their grand helmets, beef and soup,

And eat from thence, so great their saving wit !

When good Prince —— *deign'd visit* our small Isle,

45

Grand soul ! he came in *very humble* style—

Cut no huge figure—made no mighty flash :

Two shirts belong'd unto the princely lad ;

'Twas all the linen treasure that he *had*,

Which poor old MOTHER DAVIES us'd to wash ;

50

GOODY of RICHMOND ! Mother to the MAN

Who strikes with rev'rent awe the ETON CLAN.

Verse 45. *When good Prince ——*]. The name of this young Strelitz man or *Prince* is absolutely forgotten ; but he is, or was, full brother to our most *gracious* QUEEN.

Verse 51. *Mother to the Man.*] Dr. Davies, the present Provost of Eton College.

“ Dear Prince,” quoth MOTHER DAVIES, “ many a time

“ The lad in linen was so wond’rous short,

“ I’ve made ’n wait until I clean’d the grime, 55

“ To make ’n, like a *Christian*, go to Court.

“ Yes, on my thorn there, many and many an eye

“ Hath seen his HONOUR’S linen put to dry ;

“ But soon, indeed, t’ increase his little store,

“ His SISTER, MADAM, made a couple more.” 60

But to return—folks thought strange things of yore,

When no absurdity BELIEF could shock ;

When GOSSIP PREJUDICE put in her oar,

To scull the simple mind on ERROR’S rock.

What thousands thought that KINGS and QUEENS *eat gold!*

That beef and mutton was too *coarse a fare ;*



And that their bodies were so finely *soul'd*,

They breath'd a fluid *beyond vulgar air*.

Could not conceive that air so *gross* and *common*,

Entering a dog's, and cat's, and monkey's nose, 70

Inflated a *Queen's* lungs, *so great a woman*;

Or *King's*, whom such *rare particles* compose.

Yes! 'tis confess'd that FOLLY rul'd Mankind—

'Twas once the same with *me*, THE BARD, I find.

I grant that I, in life's more early day, 75

Deem'd KINGS *young God-almighties*—form'd for SWAY ;

The UNIVERSE, *fee simple*—all their own :

Though now I think the PEOPLE claim a right

To *somewhat* rather *larger* than a *mite* ;

Nay, that we should e'en *halve* it with the THRONE. 80

I cry'd

I cry'd, " Nought's little which GREAT KINGS approve :

" Kings turn, like MIDAS, all they touch to *gold*—

" Witness LORD HAWK'SB'RY, *turn'd*, by ROYAL LOVE,

" From *Jenkinson*, a clod of meanest mould."

What is there in a *fog*? " Lord! nought!" ye cry. 85

To *me* a fog was *once important*—why?

CÆSAR with glory cloth'd the fog, I trow—

Ah! how?—Read, read the story, and ye'll know.

#### CÆSAR AND THE FOG.

CÆSAR, upon a summer's golden day,

Got early from his bed to smell his hay, 90

And see if all his fowls were safe and found;

And likewise see what traps had legs and feet

Belonging unto men who wish'd to treat

Their chaps with chicken, on forbidden ground.

Enter

Enter a General (CARPENTER) low bowing, 95

Scraping, and, mandarin-like, nodding, ploughing,

With nose of rev'ence sweet, the humble grafs.—

“ Hæ, Gen'ral, hæ? what news, what news in town ?”

“ None, Sire.”—“ None, Gen'ral?—Gen'ral, hæ, none, none?”

“ Nothing, indeed, O KING, is come to pass.” 100

“ Strange! strange!—what, what—see nothing on the way?

“ Hæ, hæ?” cry'd CÆSAR, all for news agog.

“ Nothing, my LIEGE—no, nothing, I may say,

“ Excepting upon Hounslow, Sir, a *fog*.”

“ Fog upon Hounslow, Gen'ral?—*large* fog, hæ, 105

“ Or *small* fog, Gen'ral?”—“ Large, an't please you, Sire.”

“ Strange, vastly strange!—what, large fog, large fog, pray?

“ Yes, yes, yes—*large* fog, that I much admire.”

CÆSAR and CARPENTER now talk'd of wars,  
Of cannon, bullets, fwords, and wounds, and fears : 110

When, in the middle of the fight, the KING  
Sudden exclaim'd—" Fog upon Hounflow, hæ ?  
" Large fog too, Gen'ral ?—well, go on, on, pray—

" Strange ! very ftrange !—extr'ordinary thing !"

Now dwelt the Gen'ral on the battle's rage, 115

Where mufkets, mufkets—guns, great guns engage,  
Red'ning with blood the field, and fream, and bog ;

When, rufhing from the murd'rous fcene of glory,  
The Monarch fudden marr'd the Gen'ral's ftory—

" Fog upon Hounflow, Gen'ral—large, large fog ?" 120

" Yes, Sir," faid CARPENTER unto the KING.—

" Strange ! very ftrange !—extr'ordinary thing !"

At length the Gen'ral *finish'd*—lucky elf!—

With much politeness, and much sweat and pain.

“ Thank God !” the General whisper'd to himself— 125

“ Curse me, if ever I find *fogs* again !”

---

Thus, then, I rev'renc'd *fogs* in former days,

Because I worshipp'd KINGS ; and though I cease  
King-adoration, KINGS shall share my praise,

Although the gape of WONDER may decrease. 130

I star'd on Kings as Comets, with *amaze* :

But now a deal diminish'd is the blaze :

Kings are mere tallow-candles, nine in ten,

Wanting a little *snuffing* now and then ;

Harb'ring a THIEF that plays a dangerous game ; 135

Which if we did not watch, and strait pursue,

The fat is in the fire ! and then adieu

That grease so rich, the parent of the flame.

Nay, worse event from this same THIEF appears !

The *house*, at times, is burnt about our ears.

140

Yet pray, Sirs, take a KING from MISTER PITT,

And calmly to the SOV'REIGN'S will submit ;

And not, as ye have done, on *madness* border :

Nay, list to me, for oracles I tell—

KINGS for the PEOPLE will do very well,

145

Like *candles* and their *thieves*, when *kept in order*.

---

ODE TO THE MILL,

*Erected in WINDSOR PARK, for grinding Corn at a cheap  
Rate, for the POOR.*

---

**I** *taid*, his M——Y was *very good!*

Ready to sacrifice his royal blood—

Yes, for the POOR, each precious drop to spill:

And now behold the Corn is grinding down;

Such is the glorious bounty of the CROWN!

5

And, lo, in Windsor Park a stately Mill!

Blow, blow, ye breezes—faster, gentle gales!

Oh, for the POOR of WINDSOR, fill the sails!

EGHAM and STAINES—not *Brentford*, that vile place  
 Whose wicked imps, in ROYALTY'S despite, 10  
 Rush'd to the Royal Gardens at deep night,  
 And foully murder'd half the Dryad race.

Blow, gentle gales ; ye breezes, harder blow ;  
 Or soon the charity will cease to flow :

Ships to OLD THAMES are pouring in with corn, 15  
 While MADAM CERES whets her scythe and hook ;  
 I hear the clanking found in every nook ;  
 The reaper's song already cheers the morn.

I *said* his Majesty was good and great ;  
 And that the famish'd POOR would have a treat: 20

And now, behold, they fatten on the flour !  
 Vile CHRONICLE, I know what thou wilt say—  
 “ Why do not Monarchs *give* the flour away ?  
 “ Why not a part of *boarded millions* pour ?”



Grind, gentle MILL, and bring down all the bran ; 25  
The *blacker* 'tis, the *wholesomer* for man.

I know that saucy Englishmen will say :

“ Why will not Monarchs *give* their beef away,

“ While FAMINE'S face stares forth from ev'ry door ?

“ How, with an easy heart, can Monarchs keep 30

“ Such droves of cattle, and such flocks of sheep,

“ While HUNGER gnaws the vitals of the POOR ?”

Grind, gentle MILL, with speed, the corn away ;

Nor heed what envious, jealous, people say.

“ Why,” cries the Mob, “ bejewell'd shines the Q—, 35

“ While POVERTY appears with fallow mien ?

“ All know the millions—'twas from *us* they came :

“ To shine, while thus *we* suffer, is a shame.”

Worms ! know ye not that HANOVER is *poor*,

'The fav'rite spot of our most gracious K---? 40

And shall *no* guineas, O ye fools, go o'er,

Where all our PRINCES drank at WISDOM's spring?

Grind, gentle MILL—nor let one grain be lost :

Well knows the MONARCH what a bushel cost.

Is not poor STRELITZ *very poor* indeed, 45

That gave this Nation a most gracious Q---?

And, O ye ROGUES, in Hist'ry shall we read,

That guineas never were in *Strelitz* seen?

Inform me, fools, what jewels can go *there*,

To match the *goodly* JEWEL sent us *here*? 50

Fools ! was not HESSE as poor as a church mouse,

Till good AMELIA sent her thousands o'er?

At once lank POVERTY forsook the house,  
And, 'stead of *straw*, a *carpet* grac'd the floor.

In thee what semblance unto K—s I find, 55  
Not *British*, but to *Foreign* K—s, I trust ;  
Who of the simple POOR the faces grind,  
Just as thou grindest ev'ry grain to *dust*.

Grind, gentle MILL, with all thy kind endeavour !  
O grind away !—for better *late* than *never*. 60

Verse 60. *Better late than never.*] This *most astonishing* Charity soon expired. The children of Famine poured in too plentifully upon the Royal munificence ; which very soon must have reduced Majesty to the same most pitiable situation !

---

A H I N T  
T O  
A P O O R D E M O C R A T.

---

SAY not unto a K—, “Thou fool!”—For why?

'Tis unpolite—though *possibly* no lie:

The speech too blights PREFERMENT's opening bud.  
Make Monarchs and Dame WISDOM near relations,  
And all the VIRTUES too—such *kin-creations* 5  
May work thy temporalities *much good*.

Laud to each word, however weak, be giv'n,  
And let each *earthly* action scent of *heav'n*.

To

To cry “ Thou fool ! ” were foolish, let me say ;  
 Because Kings have so much to *give away*.—

10

Steps to PREFERMENT are compos'd of *flatt'ries* :  
 So easily ye scale her lofty walls,  
 Just as ye mount the summit of St. Paul's—

But *truths* !—aye, what are truths ?—oh ! fatal batt'ries !

Or if we change the figure, *fatal ropes*,

15

That of AMBITION hang the lofty hopes.

Truths should be only spoken of the Devil ;

Though that's *ungrateful* too, and *eke* uncivil.

“ But hast not *Thou* (exclaims the man of spleen)

“ Taken strange liberties with K— and Q— ?”

20

“ Laugh'd at IDOLATRY who hugs a throne ?”

Well ! grant my want of rev'ence for a Crown ;

Equal to *him* is FORTUNE'S finile and frown,  
Whofe modeft teeth can deign to pick a *bone*.

*My paffions* are the children (eafy creatures) 25

Of MODERATION ! boaft the MOTHER'S features,

And MOTHER'S chafte fimplicity, the dove ;

Can fleep upon the humble fod, and fwill,

With great good glee, the valley's lucid rill,

And batten on the berries of the grove. 30

Look at yon groupe of fucking pigs—how bleft !

What makes them fo ?—clean ftraw to form a neft !

So *flight* a thing their happinefs compofes !

What dialogue ! how arch they fquint *about* !

Now bury their fweet heads—now pull them *out*, 35

And tofs the wifps fo white upon their nofes.

These pigs are just my passions, that can draw  
Mirth and contentment from a simple straw.

*Thy* passions are of lofty wing *perchance*,  
Pant for the *ortolan* and wines of France ;

Unblest, if *ven'son* turn not on thy spit ; 40  
Unblest, if *turtle* smoke not on thy board.

Go then, and flatter BRITAIN'S MIGHTY LORD,

Kneel to DUNDAS, and prostrate fall to PITT.

---

---

# ODE TO THE ELEPHANT,

*Just arrived from BENGAL, as a Present from the NABOB of  
ARCOT to HER MAJESTY.*

---

POOR fellow ! thou art come, but come in vain ;

And mayst as well, methinks, go back again !

Thy meat and passage give our COURT the spleen :

Dear, very dear, is now all fort of meat ;

And all such luckless presents as can *eat* 5

Have found no favour yet with K— or Q—.

Now hadst thou been a diamond (no bad size),

Or pearl, or ruby, how the royal eyes



Had idoliz'd thee ! *gloried* to behold !

Rather *too bulky* for a *broche*, I fear, 10

Or *pin*, or *pretty pendant* for the ear—

But then thou wouldst have been cut up and *sold*.

Yes ! thou hadst then been welcome—but alas !

Since nought but *flesh* and *blood* ! then munching *grafs*,

And what is most insufferable, *corn* ; 15

Such sad expences never can be borne.

Of WINDSOR, RICHMOND, KEW, the helpless POOR,

Whose plaints have made the Royal eyes run o'er,

*Live* on their gracious bounty ev'ry day :

For *them* their GRACES ope their golden bags ; 20

To good warm broad-cloth change their dirty rags,

And round their hovel cast a royal ray.

Seek then thy glooms again, and dusky loves—  
The GREAT MOGUL perhaps of Eastern groves.

A crying fin, O ELEPHANT, is thine—

25

Thy *stomach* form'd on such a monstrous scale!

E'en STRELITZ *people*, who in eating shine,

Not quite like *thee* with heavy loads regale.

Yet not to STRELITZ be deny'd applause:

Wide are their mouths, and sack-like are their maws. 30

Yet if resolv'd to live with QUEENS and KINGS;

While meat and drink are such expensive things;

Pull out thy stomach, cut away thy snout,

And try, poor fellow, try to live *without*.

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# THE SORROWS OF SUNDAY:

AN ELEGY.

*The intended Annihilation of Sunday's harmless Amusements, by three or four most outrageously-zealous Members of Parliament, gave birth to the following Elegy. The Hint is borrowed from a small Composition, entitled "The TEARS of OLD MAY-DAY."*

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MILD was the breath of Morn : the blushing sky

Receiv'd the lusty YOUTH with golden hair,

Rejoicing in his race, to run, to fly ;

AS SCRIPTURE says, " a Bridegroom débonnaire ;"

When, full of fears, the decent SUNDAY rose,

5

And wander'd sad on Kenfington's fair green :

Down in a chair she sunk with all her woes,

And touch'd, with tenderest sympathy, the scene.

“ O hard SIR RICHARD HILL ! ” exclaim'd the DAME ;

“ SIR WILLIAM DOLBEN, cruel man ! ” quoth she ; 10

“ And MISTER WILBERFORCE, for shame ! for shame !

“ To spoil my little weekly jubilee.

“ Ah ! pleas'd am I the humble FOLK to view ;

“ Enjoying harmless talk, and sport, and jest ;

“ Amid these walks their footsteps to pursue, 15

“ To see them smiling, and so trimly drest.

“ Since the LORD rested on the *seventh day*,

“ Which showeth that OMNIPOTENCE was *tir'd* ;

“ As MOSES in old times, was pleas'd to say,

“ ( And MOSES was most certainly *inspir'd* ) ; 20

“ Why should not Man too rest ? ” “ No ! ” cries SIR DICK :

“ At BROTHER ROWLAND’S let him knock his knees,

“ Pray, sweat, and groan ; of this damn’d world be sick ;

“ Of mangy morals crack the lice and fleas ;

“ Break SIN’S vile bones—pull SATAN by the nose ;      25

“ Scrub, with the soap and sand of Grace, the foul ;

“ Give UNBELIEF, the wretch, a rats-bane dose ;

“ And stop, with malkins of rich Faith, each hole :

“ Spit in foul DRUNKENNESS’S beaftly mug ;

“ Kill, with sharp prayers, each offspring of the DEVIL ;

“ Give, to black BLASPHEMY, a Cornish hug ;      31

“ And box, with bats of Grace, the ears of EVIL.”

SUSAN, the constant slave to mop and broom ;

And MARIAN, to the spit’s and kettle’s art ;

Ah !

Ah! shall not *they* desert the house's gloom, 35

Breathe the fresh air one moment, and look smart?

Meet, in some rural scene, a COLIN's smile;

With love's soft stories, wing the happy hour;

Drop in his dear embraces from the style,

And share his kisses in the shady bow'r? 40

“No!” roars the HUNTINGTONIAN PRIEST—“No, no!

“*Lovers* are liars—LOVE's a damned trade;

“Kissing is damnable—to hell they go—

“The DEVIL's claws await the ROGUE and JADE.

“*My chapel* is the purifying place: 45

“*There* let them go to wash their sins away:

“*There*, from my hand, to pick the crumbs of Grace,

“Smite their poor sinful craws, and howl, and pray.”—

How

How hard, the lab'ring *hands* no rest should know,  
 But toil *six days* beneath the galling load, 50  
 Poor souls! and then, the *seventh* be forc'd to go  
 And box the Devil, in Blackfriar's Road!

HEAV'N glorieth not in phizzes of difmay ;  
 HEAV'N takes no pleasure in perpetual fobbing ;  
 Consenting freely, that my fav'rite day 55  
 May have her tea and rolls, and hob and nobbing.

In fōoth, the LORD is pleas'd, when Man is blest ;  
 And wisheth not his bliffes to blockade :  
 'Gainst tea and coffee ne'er did he protest,  
 Enjoy'd, in gardens, by the men of trade. 60

Sweet is WHITE-CONDUIT HOUSE, and BAGNICGE-WELLS ;  
 CHALK FARM, where PRIMROSE HILL puts forth her smile ;

T And

Verse 52. *Blackfriar's Road.*] The place of Mr. Rowland Hill's Chapel.

And DON SALTERO's, where much wonder dwells,  
Expelling WORK-DAY's matrimonial bile.

LIFE with the down of cygnets may be clad ! 65

Ah ! why not make her path a pleasant track ?

“ No ! ” cries the PULPIT TERRORIST, (how mad !)

“ No ! let the world be one huge hedgehog's back.”

VICE (did his rigid mummery succeed)

*Too soon* would smile amid the *sacred walls* ; 70

VENUS, in tabernacles, make her bed ;

And PAPHOS find herself amid SAINT PAUL's.

Avaunt HYPOCRISY, the solemn jade,

Who, wilful, into ditches leads the blind :

Makes, of her canting art, a thriving trade, 75

And fattens on the follies of mankind !



Look at ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS, on a Fast,

Denying hackney-coachmen e'en their beer ;

Yet, lo ! their BUTCHERS knock, with *flesh repast* ;

With *turbots*, lo ! the FISHMONGERS appear !

80

The POTBOYS howl with porter for their bellies ;

The BAKERS knock, with custards, tarts, and pies ;

CONFECTIONERS, with rare ice creams and jellies ;

The FRUITERER, lo, with richest pine supplies !

In *secret*, thus, they eat, and booze, and nod ;

85

In *public*, call indulgence a *d-mn'd evil* ;

Order their simple flocks to *walk* with *God*,

And *ride themselves* an airing with the *Devil*.

A N E N T I R E N E W W O R K.

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